

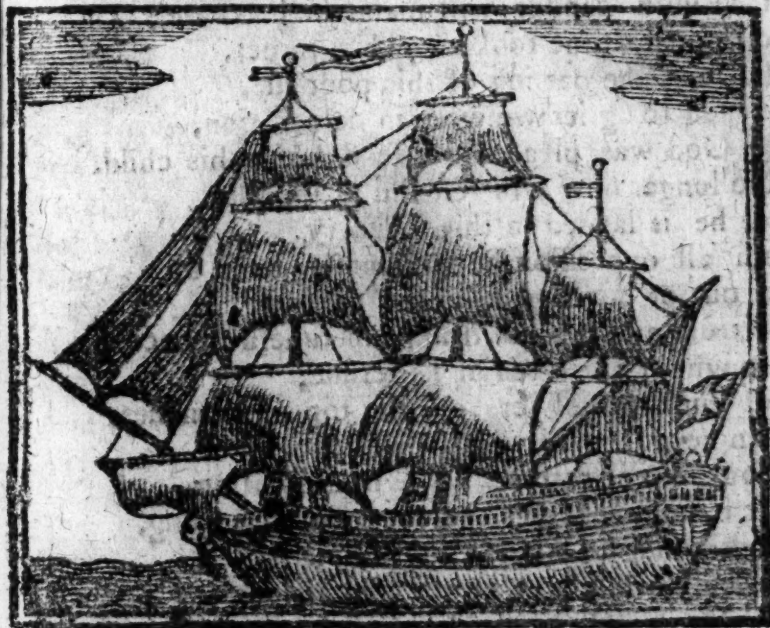
Young Squire Reynolds's
welcome home to
I R E L A N D. 37.

To which are added,

II. LARRY'S GHOST:

III. DE NIGHT before. LARRY was stretch'd.

} excellent
Songs



MONAGHAN: Printed in the Year 1788.

(2)
Young SQUIRE REYNOLDS'S welcome home to
IRELAND.

(Tune Morneen Bawn)

DRAW near you gentlemen and pay attention,
To the happy tidings I unfold to you,
Of the young 'Squire that is lately landed,
Who appears in grandeur, and our joys renew,
He is the darling of this Irish nation,
And all our cares he'll rectify,
Like his father who was recorded,
For being just and loyal none dare deny.

This country is happy since 'tis defended,
From the cruel hands of oppression laws,
For this young Squire he will not surrender,
But he with candor will maintain its cause;
O dire misfortune took away his father,
Who was the darling of this poor isle,
Resigned to grief we were in desperation,
Till God was pleased to send home his child.

No longer now will remain in anguish,
Since he is landed in this country.
From all oppression he will surely hand us,
And out of bondage he'll set us free,
The thrush and blackbird sings in tuneful concert,
Throughout the lands of Litterfine,
The Cuckow answers on the top of branches,
When he advances with looks divine.

Your sweet retreats were in dissolution,
Your blooming shades they in mourning hung,
The drooping branches drops their leaves,
And the shortest day he thought it long;
But nature now has displayed its beauties,
Since the gallant youth we have seen once more,
All things do flourish in its season,
Since our Irish hero reached his native shore.

Now madam Reynolds and her fair daughters

Has got a guardian them to defend,
 Like to Ajax or General Sarcefield,
 He'll shine in arms and the Lord may send,
 The resounding echo her voice repeating,
 And lambskins bleating from time to time,
 The quail and partridge and grouse retreating,
 From distant plains to Letterfine.

The frugl bees are now recruited,
 And in mellifluous sweets abounds,
 The swans have must'rd their young brood,
 And in concert tune their melodious sounds :
 Now lough Squir has regained his beauties,
 It will produce both pike and trout,
 Fruit will flourish in the wint'ner season,
 And flowers gay thro' the year all out.

The radiant sun will be no longer eclips'd,
 But shine most pleasing on this country round,
 The hare and conney fox and eagle,
 And the deer retreating when he hears the hounds,
 His malignant foes will no longer say,
 He's in his grave in foreign ground,
 But he'll possess his own estate,
 And in spite of fate he will gain renown.

Our Irish nobles are ovejoy'd,
 Since valiant George has come over the main
 Who embraced him with open arms,
 And exerted law against Robert Keon ;
 This princely champion he'll boldly handle,
 The homicides who have his father slain,
 The noble Crafftons they will always aid him,
 who were penetrated by that bloody scene.

The heroic Birchalls and valiant Peytons,
 Lamented daily for noble George,
 To whom the poor made application,

And would extricate them from each cruel charge,
 But now this country is illuminated,
 And the warbling songsters do sing all round,
 The jolly huntsman in the morning early,
 Will join the chace and their horn found.

De Night before LARRY was stretch'd &c.
 An Irish Slang Song; to be pronouced as spelled.
 ☞ The Words in Roman to be spoke in the Slang stile

DE night before Larry was stretch'd,
 De boys all de ped him a visit,
 Ana bait in der sack, too de fetch'd
 De swea'ed their duds till de ris it.
 For Larry was ev'r de Lad,
 When a bry was condemned to de squeezer,
 Would p p all de duds d it he had,
 To help his com'ade to a sneezer.
 And warm his gab 'fore he died.

De Boys de came crowding in fast,
 De drew all their Stools round about him,
 Nine Glins round his Trance se were plac'd,
 Oh! he could not be well wak'd w d ut dem;
 When one of us ax'd "could he die,
 Widout having truly repented?"
 Says Larry "dat's all in my eye"
 And first by de clergy invented
 To fatten dir gobs wid a bit.

I'm sorry, dear Larry says I,
 To see you in dis Situation,
 And blister my limbs if I lie,
 But Id's liff it had been my own station;
 O'hone! its all over said he,
 For de neck-cloth I'll be forc'd to put on,
 And by dis time tomorrow you'll see,
 Your poor Larry as dead as a mutton.
 Bekaise why my cause it was good.

De cards being call'd for, de pled,
 Den Larry found one of dem cheated.
 A dart at his napper he med,
 (De boy being easily heated);
 And sed, " Be de h-ly, you te-ffe,
 " I'll splinter your skull wid my dadd'e;
 " You cheat me bekaise I'm in greef,
 " But soon I'd demolish your waddle.
 And tip you your claret to drink.
 De Clargy stept up wid his bok,
 And spoke him so neat and so civil,
 Larry tip'd him a Kilmanh-m look,
 And pitch'd his big w- to de Devil;
 Den gently raising his head
 He took a sup out ot de Bottle,
 And sighing most bitterly said,
 Oh! de Hemo will be soon round my troittle.
 And squeeze my poor winapipe to death.

So melting these last Words he spoke,

Our griff it found vent in a flower,
As for my part, I taugt my heart broke,
For to see him cut down like a Flower;
On his Travels I watch'd him next day.

O! de trottle b' the Hoky I c'uld kill him,
But Larry not one word d'd say,

Nor change till he came to King William.

And den why his colour grew white.
When he came to de nabbing chit,

He was tuck'd up so nate and so prutty,
De rumbler shov'd off from his feet,

And he died wid his Face to de City;
He kick'd too—but dat was all pride,

For soon ye might see 'twas all over,
And when dat de nose was untied,

At home why we wak'd him in clover.

And sent him to take a ground sweat.



LARRY's Gossr dat appear'd to his MOLLY,
de Nite after he was stretch'd.

WHEN Molly she heard de sad story,
Dat Larry her boy was no more,
Oh! she bluster'd into such a flurry,
She vented her grief in a roar;

May de Devil take Judges and all,
 And sweep all de Jury away,
 Dat left here poor Molly to bawl,
 And buried poor Larry in clay.

Bekaise why be hadn't de chink.

But when de dark Nite did appear,
 And Molly to bed she did go,
 Poor ting shd was frightend wid fear,
 When Larry came in white as snow;
 Says he first to Moll, (in a minute,)
 Bring Larry a sup of de bottle,
 When he tofs'd e'ry drop dat was in it,
 He said it would soople his trotter.

For be could get none where be lodg'd.

Den, (says he Moll,) I'll tell you de cause,
 Dat brought your poor Larry to shame,
 It was not indeed de King's laws,
 So much as de police I blame;
 When I ax'd one to take share of a quart,
 And told him how I got de Money,
 Says he, Larry wid all my heart,
 I have no objection my honey.

So down we satt to de creature.

But soon as de whiskey began,
 To work in our stomach a power,

Says I, do tell me now, Po-ly me man,
 Why at night you don't call de hour;
 I believe any body might guess,
 Why de old custom you do not keep,
 For if dat you had such distress,
 Poor Po-ly indeed could not sleep.

Den Larry was nab'd in a minute,

Poor Molly was vext to de soul,
 When she heard him de story relate,
 And roar'd Mushe Hanum an-Deoll.
 Bet all could nt (alter his fate.)
 Bet soon as de Day lite appear'd,
 De Goss in did scamper away,
 And left poor Molly in tears,
 Dat Larry her love could nt stay.

To soften de Kears of dis life.

FRONT I N I S.

